

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, JUNE 30, 1855.

They believe the Bible.

Occupying the position that we do, we expect to be attacked, occasionally, by those who wish to hear, orally, what we have to say in favor of the truth of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, but who choose to approach us under the guise of expostulations, deeply concerned for our endangered salvation, rather than to come out ingeniously as open minded seekers for truth.

One of this class stopped us in the street, not long since, and commenced by assuring us that he was very sorry that we were lending our aid to those incendiary spirits who are turning the world upside down, and endeavoring to discredit and repudiate the bible. As we listened to him, and looked into his countenance, it became evident to us that his interior sensations were not writhing with any such sorrow as that of which he complained, but that he affected the emotion as a pretext for drawing out what we might say on the subject, without seeming to regard spiritualism as really worthy of his serious consideration. We asked him what evidence he had that the fraternity of spiritualists were seeking to discredit and repudiate the bible. Why, said he, no one can read your editorials without perceiving that you doubt the truth of some portions of the bible, if not all of it. We asked him if he believed every thing which that book contains. Yes, he replied, every word, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of the Revelations. We asked: What evidence have you of its truth? He replied: I believe it because it is the word of God, and God cannot lie. We asked: How do you know that it is the word of God? His reply was: That is an infidel question which no christian should condescend to answer. The authorship of the bible is established by its own inherent evidence. We then asked him if he did not believe that the spirits of departed men, women and children can do and hold communion with their surviving friends, as thousands and tens of thousands of rational men and women say they do. Why, said he, do you suppose I am mad enough to believe such stuff? No, no, I not only do not believe a word of it, but I know it is all false. This ended a conversation in which there was no profit, excepting that it furnished food for grave reflection.

This man represents that numerous class who believe the bible, not for the inherent evidence which it speaks of, but for the reason that he has been taught to believe that there was an age when Almighty God walked abroad, personally, on the face of this planet, conversing, face to face, with man, and doing wondrous things in contravention of his own laws. He believes that a spirit's fingers wrote upon the wall of Belshazzar's palace, between two and three thousand years ago, because it is so recorded in bible history; but he condemns as absurd, false and ridiculous, the affirmations of living witnesses, of the highest respectability, that spirit hands are seen and felt, and seen to write on paper, at Koons spirit room, now, when he can see the witnesses and converse with them, and when he can go and witness the phenomenon for himself. His faith, unsupported by any living or existing evidence, goes back far into past ages, and embraces facts of the most marvellous character; and he would condemn one who should dare to doubt them, as worthy of eternal damnation; but he indignantly denies the truth of the similar phenomena which are witnessed by his neighbors all around him, whose words he will take without hesitation, on any other subject, and he stubbornly refuses to open his eyes and ears to the evidences that are ready to be presented to him in every direction.

He confidently believes that Peter, James and John, when on the mount with Jesus, saw the spirits of Moses and Elias, and heard them converse with him in human languages and voices; and this he believes without knowing who wrote the account of it, or when it was written. He believes it merely because it is in that book, which he takes to be the word of God, merely from its own unsustained jargon. He believes that Jesus and his apostles wrought great wonders by supernatural power, such as the performance of cures, restoring sight to the blind, causing the lame to walk, unstopping the ears of the deaf and reanimating those who were apparently dead. The records of these facts were not made at the time when they are said to have occurred, nor in some cases, for more than a generation thereafter; nor is it at all certain who made them or what was their character for veracity. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, this man's faith receives the whole record as true; but he denies with positive voice, stern countenance and contemptuous mien, that diseases are cured by spiritual influence at the present day, or that the blind are restored to sight or the deaf made to hear. All these things, though attested to by thousands of living witnesses whose veraciousness stands unimpeached, he denounces as wicked falsehoods or delusions of the imagination.

He believes that Eliphaz saw a spirit passing before his face, and that it spoke to him in the human voice, saying: "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?" This he believes to have been a literal fact, though it is contained in the book of Job, which many divines take to be an allegory, the moral or meaning of which has not come down to us, and never can be

divined. But, although he has full faith in this spiritual phenomenon, the truth or fiction of which is so entirely uncertain, he will insult a living man or woman who tells him that he or she has seen the spirit of one who has passed from this state of existence, although he knows this person who makes the declaration to be worthy of all confidence. Ah! says he, you are hallucinated, but Eliphaz was not. You are one of the present age, but Eliphaz lived thousands of years ago, when God did such things himself, and allowed them to be done by spirits below him.

We might give hundreds of those instances of spiritual manifestations and communications, recorded in bible history, all of which this man and his class believe in without a doubt; but, at the same time, they scoff at, and would fain spit upon, their neighbors who tell them of similar manifestations which are witnessed daily and nightly by themselves, and which may be witnessed by every honest seeker after truth, who will seek with a mind free from determined skepticism and open to conviction.

Now, as to the accusation that we are endeavoring to discredit and repudiate the bible, we wish honest men and women to understand our position truly. As to such men as the one of whom we have been speaking, we care nothing for their opinion of us. It is worth nothing either way. We know that the volume called "The Bible," is composed of a collection of ancient writings, by various authors, selected from a great mass of manuscript works, all purporting to be the word of God, or written by direct inspiration of the Almighty. We know that a council of prelates, convoked and directed by king James, made choice of these human productions, from among the great mass, which they declared to be the veritable word of God, and that they chose out a number more which they agreed to adopt as of secondary authority, or such as might be doubled without incurring divine displeasure or the condemnation and anathemas of the church. These latter are called "The Apocrypha," and are usually bound up with the others, in the most costly editions of the bible. So much we know, from undisputed history, of the origin of the book called the bible.

Now, as to the obligation which is supposed, by dogmatical religionists, to rest upon every man and woman, to receive every thing which is written in this collection of ancient writings, as unquestionable truth, we take independent ground, and receive as truth only that which appears rational and does not conflict with the laws of nature, or the character and attributes of an infinite God. We believe the spiritual manifestations recorded in that volume, not merely because they are there recorded, but because they correspond with similar manifestations which we are witnessing continually. We are continually receiving communications from the spirits of those who have passed to the second state of human existence. Hence we cannot doubt that such communications were received in ancient days. Many of us—the writer for one—see the spirits of those who have passed away. Hence we cannot dispute the testimony of Peter, James and John, nor that of Eliphaz, provided he was not a fictitious character. We believe the bible record to be true, in relation to those things, because we have it corroborated by similar phenomena occurring continually in our midst. Why, then, is it said, we seek to repudiate the bible? We know that it contains truths—beautiful truths—important truths—truths which will forever endure and eternally shine in earth and heaven. And all these truths we denigrate the word of God, because God is truth, and all truth is his word, wherever it may be found. But this imposes upon us no obligation to receive obvious error as truth, merely because king James and his council saw fit to christen both the word of God, and to bind all well together.

The day of such slavery is well-nigh passed—God be thanked—and an era of liberty has commenced, in which the shackles of dogmatical theology are fast falling from the limbs of the human mind and conscience. Soon the time will arrive when established creeds will have passed into insignificance, and every mind will feel at liberty to declare its sentiments openly and fearlessly, as we do now, not expecting to be persecuted and have their means of subsistence taken from them, as punishment for their honest declarations of religious opinion, as has been done, here in this land of nominal liberty of conscience, in thousands and thousands of instances.

Hereafter, we hope we shall no more be accused of contemning or repudiating the bible. It is true, that we do not worship it as a God, nor take any fiction which some of the various writers may have inserted in some of the books contained in it, as truth. But we do not, for these fictions, condemn any truth which it contains. Thus we stand. Who dare to condemn our position?

HOW OUR BODIES ARE MADE UP.—The following is a forcible illustration of the way we supply the natural waste of the body: Let it be remembered that to take food is to make man. Eating is the process by which the noblest of terrestrial fabrics is constantly repaired. All our limbs and organs have been picked up from our plates. We have been served up at table many times over. Every individual is literally a mass of vivified viands; he is an epitome of innumerable meals, he has dined upon himself, supped upon himself, and in fact—paradoxical as it may appear—has again and again leaped down his own throat. Liebig states that an adult pig, weighing one hundred and ten pounds, will consume five thousand one hundred and ten pounds of potatoes in the course of a year, and yet, at the expiration of that period, its weight may not have been increased a single ounce.

The Liquor Law.

Before we issue another edition of our paper, the prohibitory law will have gone into effect, according to its provisions. Whether it will be carried into effect practically, or not, depends upon the disposition of those by whose influence it was enacted. It has turned out, as was expected by all temperance men, that the liquor dealers have taken a stand against the law, as being unconstitutional—a position which is now taken with every legislative enactment that offends any portion of the body politic. Any law inhibiting the free action of the will and physical functions of individuals, to whatever practice or attainment they may be directed, is a restraint upon human liberty, and is unpalatable to those who are restrained by it; and it is very natural for such ones to cry out in any voice which they may think will bring the most odium upon it, and be the most likely to produce its repeal or modification. The usual cry is "unconstitutional!" and this is uttered regardless of its truth or falsity, in nineteen cases of every twenty.

It is a lamentable fact, and it constitutes the worst feature of every such case, that the judiciary of the State are drawn into partisanship in most of these questions of constitutionality, and commit themselves, for or against the law which is to be tested, before any case under it is brought up for their adjudication. Appeals are made to ex members of the judiciary, who, of course, are not to act directly on constitutional questions, but whose opinions are known to exercise a controlling influence over the minds of their less experienced successors, who can put them on as cloaks and shields, when they decide as the interests of themselves and their parties dictate. In this way labored judicial opinions are procured and published throughout the country, before any judicial action is had. This constitutional questions are decided by a prejudiced judiciary, making their decisions more like the results of games of chance, than like honestly developed truths of law.

Now, on the eve of the day in which the prohibitory law is to go into operation, we read accounts of meetings being held by liquor dealers and their customers, with reports of flaming resolutions, denouncing the law as unconstitutional, and pledging all assembled to prove it so by appeal to the courts and to sell, mean time, in defiance of the law, leaning upon the courts for protection against the courts. These things are painful to the feelings of orderly citizens, who wish to see all laws respected and enforced, whilst they are laws. It is painful, too, to hear hoarse headed counsellors at law advise liquor dealers to sell in violation of the law, pending the judicial ordeal which is to decide its constitutionality. It is not to be wondered at when younglings of the legal profession get up and display their declamatory powers, by belching denunciations, in the language of sound and fury, signifying nothing. They are not looked to for either wisdom or discretion. But better things might be expected from veteran members of the bar. Their blood is supposed to be passed fever heat; their heads are supposed to be balanced rightly on their shoulders; and they are looked to for wise counsel, wholesome advice, and respect for law and order. It is expected of them that they will advise obedience to all laws enacted by the legislature and sanctioned by the executive of the State, till they are decided to be unconstitutional, which puts them out of the statute book.

Is the prohibitory law unconstitutional? We shall not argue this question; but we shall take the position, and endeavor to support it, that if the constitution of the State will not allow the people to guard themselves, by law, against the evils which result to them from the traffic in intoxicating liquors, the constitution itself is in fault and should be adapted to the necessities of the people by immediate amendment. If the courts declare this law unconstitutional, as interfering with the rights of the people, we shall claim that every citizen of Buffalo has a right to keep an open assemp within his own premises, into which he may throw dead dogs and cats, and all manner of filth, and that all sanitary regulations forbidding him to keep such reservoir of filth, are unjustifiable interference in his private concerns, and unconstitutional. Butchers who have room for slaughter houses, on their house-lots, may carry on their business within their own premises, wherever they may be located, and appeal to the courts to declare all laws prohibiting them from doing so, to be unconstitutional. What right has any legislative body to say that a man shall not pursue his legitimate business, on his own premises? Surely no man of sense will pretend to say that physical nuisances are more deleterious than such moral nuisances as grog shops, where sane men are converted into maniacs, and where boys are lured into the fatal habit of intemperance.

We would warn small dealers, who have hitherto been in the constant habit of selling intoxicating liquor contrary to law, not to be deceived by those who tell them there is no danger of prosecution if they persist in selling after the fourth of July. They may depend on it that the law will be enforced against them if they transgress; and the penalties are not to be remitted.

SYMPATHY.—There is a kind of Sympathy in Souls that fits them for each other; and we may be assured when we see two persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved, and if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another.—Steele.

Continuation of the series of spiritual communications, on the burnished plate, through Rev. C. HAMMOND.

STATE OF THE CHURCH—HINTS.

LESSON. X.
ROCHESTER, DEC. 28th, 1855.
I see a beautiful silver leaf, and a circle resembling a chain of gold. Also a very picturesque scenery presents itself—high cliffs bordering upon a smooth lake, with a vessel riding on its bosom. A sailor in the fore part of the ship is pulling a rope, in order to take advantage of the wind, by arranging the sails so that it will reach its port in safety; but the helmsman is a poor sailor. The ship will founder; for he does not understand the proper compass or direction to take, consequently, the greater velocity given to the vessel, the more disastrous will be the shipwreck.

MORAL 1. The church, as it is, takes advantage of the wind to move the bark along, and the sailors are at work with the rigging and the sails, to secure the aid of every breeze that blows. But turn now to the helmsman, and inquire, "Whither, sir, are you bound?" He replies, "For heaven, I trust." But do you know the way? He responds, "I have a chart, describing the path I should pursue."

Is your ship pursuing that path? He answers truthfully, "Not always." Why? "Because the wind blows differently," he replies.

Suppose the wind blew adversely forever, would you reach the port? He answers, "Never, no never." Then you depend upon the wind. "Yes, upon the wind."

May I suggest, that you depend upon Him who controls the wind? May I teach you that the wind is a means to waft the vessel to and fro, and that above, and around, and beneath the wind, a power, a wisdom, a God lives, whose word it obeys; so in regard to your means for reaching the port; they are nothing, unless the hand of the Invisible prosper them.

MORAL 2. Who guides the helm of the church militant? Are the sailors all true? What though all are true to their duties and positions, yet ignorant of the way—sometimes steering to the north, then again to the south, to the east, and to the west—sometimes contending for communications from heaven, and at other times opposing—sometimes believing in work to aid them in the attainment of what they desire, and, at other times, caviling, doubting, faulting, repudiating the very work which they have before approved, advocating the necessity of faith and confidence, the importance of right directing, and the folly of mispent time and, at other times, ridiculing the efforts of those who are seeking heaven by the very means which they have approved, denouncing at the conduct of men and women who are looking to heaven for strength? How many centuries will it require for a man or a woman to reach heaven, by vacillating alternately in favor and against spiritualism? How long will it require for men and women to reach real blessedness, while the helmsman, who guides, controls, and directs them, is ignorant of the way, the truth, and the life? teaching to please and to flatter those as ignorant as himself? To-day his eye is upward turned; tomorrow downward cast; looking for mercy, light, love, and deliverance from heaven, then again, scorning those who follow his example.

MORAL 3. They who control ships are human, but he who controls the wind is divine. Understand, God is greater, wiser, purer, than the wind, or they who control the helm of the church. See the disasters which accompany human endeavors. However pure may be the motives or how conscientious the designs of the workers, success, in any enterprise, depends not on human agency alone. Were it not then all conscientious and truth-loving minds would realize success in their various enterprises.—However flattering and encouraging this might be to the helmsman, vain and proud, yet you would witness, instead of pagan, human idolatry—the adoration, commendation, praise, and veneration of men instead of God. Human disappointments, therefore, teach men to depend upon a power superior to all human wisdom.

MORAL 4. Having no partialities to gratify, nor sect to uphold, allow me to suggest a few timely hints, connected with the cause of modern spiritualism. In this cause, men and women are not required to control the vessel; and yet volunteers readily take the helm; and the consequence is, when they assume to direct and control the vessel, it is not fault of spirits, when it stands upon the beach, or dashes against the rocks. And I will venture the prediction that, in every case, in which men assume to control the vessel, they will become shipwrecked. It might be extremely flattering to human pride and vanity, to receive the applause of men at their success, and this is the danger to which some minds are exposed; while, on the other hand, defeat would be equally mortifying and humiliating to them.

Suffer me to inform you in regard to the appointments, which many well-meaning and conscientious spiritualists have realized, which the scrutinizing mind cannot fail also to perceive. They are those who were anxious to know before they were prepared to understand. They have seized the helm, and applied their hands to the sails in order to assist the spirit; and just as far as they have volunteered their service and applied their own wisdom, they have been disappointed in the object of their search. And why? Because, in the work of regeneration and human exaltation, it is not meet that men should be idolized, or have praise, or honor, or profit, except such praise, and honor, and profit, as is felt, in their own souls. He who would be greatest in the

kingdom of heaven must be the least in controlling, directing, and guiding others; that is, He must not seek honor of men, nor a commendation of his work, lest he become abased.

The church in Capernaum, exalted in its own estimation unto heaven. But, alas! she becomes dizzy, vain, proud, oppressive, commanding, and insolent, and sinks down in darkness and despair, casting away the counsel of heaven, and wallowing in the mire of its own impurity. Take warning, ye pilgrims, take warning from her bitter and painful experience. Elevate not yourselves unto heaven upon the mere authority of human opinion, nor upon mere human pride and vanity. Be not high-minded; think not yourselves too wise to learn, too good to be improved, too certain of heaven to neglect that which can alone elevate you to heaven. Depend not on the schemes, contrivances, policies, means, which originate in ignorance for the elevation of yourselves or humanity.

There are means which may be safely relied upon; first, a teachable spirit; second, an open heart; third, a humble and quiet mind; fourth, personal application for good spiritual things; fifth, trust and confidence in guardian angels, submitting their communications to the test of practical experience, by which means the mind becomes disengaged from sensual affections, and is attracted upward by the wisdom and beauty and love of the higher life; so that he or she who rises in the plane of spirituality, becomes less and less affected by the gross materialism of pride, passion, and sensual indulgences. Exalted by attractive powers, it cannot sink without severing the ties which unite them, or the affinities which hold them together. Being thus attracted by the love and sympathy and beauty of heaven, it cannot meet with shipwreck, because its destination is ever upward to God and bliss, and under the control of those not ignorant of the way.

These hints will be serviceable only as they shall be received and practically adopted, in which case no spiritualist will assume to command only his own vessel, and that as he shall become wise and counselled to do by other than human wisdom. Let no man among you set himself up as greatest in spiritual wisdom, nor assume to dictate to another what he shall or what he shall not do. Solicited advice may be freely given, but due regard to experience should always be had, lest the advice be injudicious and hurtful. By this understand me to teach individual responsibility to all. Pursue each for himself, or herself, the path of light, as your best judgment shall decide, and allow others to do the same. Call no man master, acknowledge no writing as authority, to speak as compulsory, but submit all claims of wisdom to the test of practical experiment, if needs be. All wisdom yet developed to man is so much light given, by which to receive still greater light. So of the Bible, both old and new Testaments. They are not authority, but a blessing—a light to enable you to receive still more and greater. Whatever light there is, is true, and will lead you just so far as it shines to the reception of more. Cast nothing away that is good and true, wherever found, or by whomsoever spoken. And, for the same reason, receive nothing that is evil, whatever may be its pretensions to authority or origin.

Spiritual Manifestations at Davenport's.

The Committee appointed to attend at Capt. DAVENPORT'S Spirit Room, for the purpose of witnessing the doings of the spirits, and ascertaining as nearly as practicable, the truth of the many statements that have been made of the extraordinary manifestations which take place there, beg leave to present to the readers of the *Age of Progress* the following report.

We attended, according to appointment, at Capt. DAVENPORT'S room, on Friday evening, the 22nd inst., and gave our attention to all that took place there. We were convinced beyond doubt, that the two mediums, young sons of Capt. D., were taken up by the spirits, from the table and from the floor, and carried to the ceiling of the room, which is twelve feet high, where their heads were lit against the ceiling, producing such sounds as are known to be produced by such contact, and that repeatedly at the same elevation. We were convinced that the boys carried with them, in their frequent elevations to the ceiling, a violin and a bell, and that the first was sounded and the second was rung, while they remained suspended; the spirits speaking through them at the same time. We were convinced that the violin was borne around the room, over our heads and near the ceiling, with greater rapidity than the mediums could move in the normal state, and sounded as it seemed to fly from one end of the room to the other; and we have no hesitation in attributing this to spiritual agency, without the use of the mediums. We were convinced that the spirits threw the table upon its side and held it down so that it was as much as one man could do to raise it up.

One gentleman affirms that he lifted not less than two hundred lbs. weight, in his attempt to raise it. This is the substance of what we witnessed on that occasion, and the amount of our convictions. It will be understood that these things, excepting the lifting of the table, were done, as is usually the case, when the light was absent from the room, consequently, hearing and touch were our only testing senses.

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Plums		15 1/2
Cherries		15 1/2 @ 25
Currants		6 1/2
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Conference meetings on Sunday last.

REV. C. HAMMOND was with us on Sabbath last, and lectured forenoon and afternoon, in his usual plain, forcible and sensible style. The forenoon meeting was but thinly attended, on account of the rain, which fell incessantly the whole forenoon, rendering it unfit for ladies to be out, and preventing many gentlemen from attending. The afternoon being more favorable, the house was comfortably filled. In the evening, it having been announced that Rev. U. Clark and his lady, and Miss Judah, would entertain the audience, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Clark spoke well. Miss Judah spoke in the trance state, and excited admiration, as usual. Mrs. Clark spoke apparently in the normal state, although it is believed that she speaks under spirit influence. Be that as it may, she spoke as we rarely or never hear woman speak, for so long a time, without evident spirit control. She is well modelled and comely in person, with a countenance little less than divine. She has a well constituted, well cultivated and well stored mind. She is graceful in her whole manner and deportment, without a particle of affectation. She has an exquisitely harmonious voice, with clear and distinct enunciation, and compass enough to reach the most distant ear in any hall of ordinary dimensions. And, though last, not least, she stops speaking as soon as she exhausts her subject, so that no one tires of hearing her. In fine, her whole address was a high order of intellectual music, to which no one could listen without pleasurable emotion.

Lecture No. 15.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

PRACTICAL SPIRITUALISM.

Truth is often rejected because unpopular; and errors are supported simply because they give vitality to or stimulate a material desire. Mind rejects the truths of endless duration, for the worldly prayers and fearful discourses of humanity. All the elements of man manifest specific tendencies to advance in a development of perfect unity. There are successive and complete systems in the physical form, and there are also corresponding systems in the mental structure. The lower system of development is subservient to the government of each higher one; and there is, in the interior mind, a constant reception and impartation of influences and powers. The matter of the duality of man's constitution, is at all times under the actual and positive government of a spiritual individuality and oneness, which is the internal man. And thus man corresponds to the vast universe of form and construction which is actuated and enveloped by a supreme spiritual mover. The human spirit desires a revelation of truth and deity; nor should its aspirations be confined to earth, nor limited by the worlds of the solar system, but should expand throughout the depths and breadths of the immeasurable universe. Adherence to the laws of physical and mental discipline, will refine the feelings and draw the mind upward to the invisible world of causes, where a knowledge of spiritual truths is greater and more enduring. Man will never, at a momentary thought, experience a sudden manifestation of truth, but will gradually glide into the realization of important facts. He will first realize the nearness of the spiritual universe to the natural world, and the possibility of their inhabitants holding moral, intellectual and spiritual intercourse. You may expect a wide-world change and look for a universal demonstration of individual justice and holiness. Spiritual illumination lies at the foundation of human reformation; and when the interior senses are expanded—when man beholds the great arena which lies beyond material things, then will the vastness and music of the celestial universe be impressed upon the inward principle. When the human spirit once feels the unalterable realities of its own individual and eternal existence—when the principles of love and wisdom shall move its fervent depths; then will it turn away from physical imperfections and realize its strong divinity. Progress is the great law that keeps creation in motion; and, to resist this law—to resist its perpetual tendencies, is to resist the sublime workings of the universe. Nature has unfolded man in the image of God. Man is the masterpiece of nature and beauty. He completes the magnetic chain of life extending from spirit to matter, and from deity to the divine ramifications of the spiritual universe. Man in his progress from the cradle to the tomb, consciously deviates from the true way, and does not always display his true fidelity to nature. Man being the concentrated body of all beneficent him, has faculties extending from the smallest object of creation to the Almighty Father. Humanity has yet to learn what man is and the proper application of his universal faculties and principles. Mind has attractions towards every thing; and it has not yet known whether that restless power of attraction for the infinite and holy, is good or evil. Being the concentration of beautiful and strong possessions, he has misapprehended his own innate qualifications, and has been impelled to deviate from the important laws of mental and spiritual cultivation. In his endeavors to obey the laws of right, he

from the strongest impulses of his mind, rush into fearful extremes; and thus one of the noblest forces of creation and existence, becomes a diseased spirit. It is not right for man to crucify his inherent qualifications, for the support of pathological or theological theories; for the faculties of mind, in their full effect, constitute the immortal soul and adorn its fair proportions. Physical energies are exhausted by labors, both excessive and disproportionate; and such exhaustion results in contractions and muscular prostrations. Thus man, in his aged years, sinks under physical disease; and when prostrate upon his couch amid souls closely bound to him by the indissoluble ties of nature, whose wants are unsupplied, he ventures to hear his feeble voice to the abundance and philanthropy of society, and humbly solicits relief, and what is the result? He receives the silent contempt of society. The world regards him not, and he goes to his home with his soul full of sadness because of friends left behind, whose claims are not appreciated. Such examples as this, in modified forms, are visible from continent to continent, and from nation to nation.

The human spirit often languishes by grief. It is encompassed by sorrow, and it hears the cries, perhaps, of its child. The mother spirit is depressed. She may be physically despondent, sick and sorrowing, with her offspring hovering near, with none to love and none to cherish them but the spirit who is cradled in that emaciated form. Soon that mother closes her eyes upon the world, with fear and sorrow locked within the silent chambers of her own soul; and the last material vibration that strikes upon her departing soul, is the cry of her children; and thus she goes home a sacrifice to the material injustice of a social disunion and disorganization. Self interest has driven its fangs deep into the nature of man; and we ask if practical spiritualism is not rejected.

Everything is being born into an eternal existence by transitional movements or processes. Every germ of existence is warmed by the vivifying elements of nature, which cause the inherent essences to unfold in their legitimate tendencies. By law, the development of the germ is changed or seemingly dies, and to retain a strict analogy prominently before the outer sight, we will say they die, signifying change. As they die, they assume the original forms of existence. With death comes forth from out of the interior, new forms of organization, perfectly unfolded and retaining a perfect relation to the old matter just thrown off, but far more perfect. And so it is by constant change that the various ascending forms and forces of spirituality are ultimately developed into perfect proportions. Every motion which has not been concentrated into the physical man, is altered in its form and mode of being, and every change is accompanied by the losing of particles of matter from the living constitution. Still, with all these changes, there is no extinction of life or annihilation of individuality in any material form. It is merely the existence that is changed by death; not the personality. No principle of the mind is lost in all the changes in the boundless universe.

By change, one faculty after another seems to depart, and at the moment of dissolution, the material form seems to grasp for the life which has fled, and for the soul that reposes upon the bosom of associates gone on before. Thus you may see that whatever may be the thoughts impressed upon the spirit at the moment of dissolution, those thoughts go with the spirit to its home in the world above. Then practical spiritualism is required. The inward senses may be opened while the realities of the spiritual existence may move you with expressions of joy; but spiritualism, to benefit mankind, must be used in a practical and philosophical form. Social disorganization was primarily produced by religious intolerance; and religious truths must remove this frail, unsubstantial foundation.

Practical and philosophical spiritualism, what is it? Spirits are continually experiencing the mysterious and revolutionizing power of inherent religious sentiments, and contemplating the momentous subject of deity and a long hidden home. What, if, when you are wronged and injured or suffering from physical or mental disease, the human heart, teeming with affection and sympathy, should speak kindly and drop the unspoken balm of consolation upon your soul, by spiritual attraction? During seasons of distress and silent meditation, is not friendship as sweet, and the friendly hand as soothing, as an April shower? And when you feel that you will soon be no more on earth, and feel, when going, and because your imperfections are seen of heaven, is it not a grand truth to know that heaven is within you? Is it not a joy untold to know that, when your spirit is buried in the blissful depths of natural sleep—that when the actuating power has retired to its innermost chambers for rest and refreshment, that the external form is lulled and reposing? To know that angels keep vigils over your peaceful slumbers? Is it not a beauty of human nature, to smile when you weep and return a sweet word of tenderness for cold and bitter reproach? Is it not glorious to relieve the sorrowing and broken hearted, by the influence of internal sympathy? Is it not worthy of humanity to raise the unfortunate instead of kicking them down, if misfortune overtake them? Is it not worthy of heaven and angels to open the human vision to the divine realities of your future life, to send, from their blissful realms, wisdom and love far, far surpassing all material knowledge, and to teach you to never speak idly of your spirit friends or earthly companions? Is it not beautiful to learn the sciences of nature, from invisible sources? This, all of it, is practical and philosophical spiritualism.

Practical spiritualism keeps the heart beating in the deep pulsations of health and vigor. It keeps the spirit calm and serene under all conditions of life. It divides humanity into happy groups; and when you close your eyes upon the material world and merge into gentle slumbers in heaven, it brings the spirit into close relation to the divine harmony of immortal beings. The soul may be engulfed into the blackest darkness; but practical spiritualism can awaken the divinity within, and unfold the soul to the glorious paradise of peace and holiness, in which each thought and feeling will be an angel breathing and inhaling the serene elements of truth. Death, so called, brings the spirit to live amidst more benignant forms and higher societies. Then to the down-trodden, and to those who are bowed down in grief almost to the grave, angels say, fear not death. Follow truth wherever it goes.—Tread boldly wherever it leads; for through the seeming mysterious processes of death, it guides the spirit with light, revealing to the awakening and inner senses a habitation of eternal purity. Every law of God is designed to subserve an end in the vast laboratory of the celestial or material universe. Effects embody and represent the cause and use for which they are made, and also the nature and specific magnitude of all producing causes.

For what is man made? Let the principles of intuition be opened, to the countless avenues of the Spirit, and the mind will discover, in its being, a creative principle called deity; that the eternal elements of God were conceiving a sublime embodiment of celestial principles; and the vital operations of the two co-eternal principles, mind and matter, are forever the elements of his constitution.

Man is to man mysterious, because he is the spiritual ultimate of the material creation. He was not created to live midst the tempestuous shoals of human life, then to be wrecked upon the desolate isles of eternity. But the sacred ties of friendship are severed. Mind is arrested in its intellectual and spiritual development. Discord springs up and man dies a martyr to the selfishness of society. Mind prostitutes its divine nature and dignity by becoming enslaved in selfishness, and is thus drawn into the whirlpool of materiality. Again I say practical spiritualism is required; for the faculties of the mind are not there implanted for inferior purposes. Those faculties proclaim the truth that man is immortal—that he is approaching a period of unity in the rudimental concentration of his spiritual qualities. Man will be made better, taught more wisely and guided more truly, when spiritualism is reduced to a practical form. Every faculty of mind sparkles like a diamond orb on the bosom of the firmament, and is a holy messenger to deliver what is good to man. Entertain more expansive ideas of God and heaven, and you will emerge from the wilderness of wrong and the concealments of iniquity, to the full and perfect truths of your own being. The human mind must familiarize itself with the immutable principles of justice and order, which pervade the interminable universe. It must unfold its interior capabilities—its intuitions and glorious conceptions; and feeling thus empowered and strengthened, man must explore the multifarious relations subsisting between himself and the Spiritual-world.

Each soul must fully comprehend the beautiful affinities which interlink its destiny with the destiny of universal humanity. This endows the mind with eternal power and loveliness, and is the divinely inherited treasure of the human soul. It will breathe every thought with virtue, robe every impulse with the sweet mantle of contentment, and will adorn and enrich the inner soul with genius of scientific knowledge. Then let spiritualism be imbibed in its practical form, that tranquility may reign throughout the changes of the departing soul, till when the earthly connection is severed, you may calmly rejoice and sweetly sing; for when the body decays the soul is born in heaven. Let spiritualism be received in its simplest form, that voices from the spirit land may not sound like revelations of fancy, but that they may impress you with the truths their tones impart, and that the sanctuary of the soul may echo with strains of sweet but solemn music, from the world on high.

Yours,
E. C. DAYTON.

Lecture No 2 by the Spirit of Miss A. F.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

WHAT IS DEATH.

The wings of evening is folded round the world. The stars of night scintillate in the azure dome, and light the universe with a thousand celestial and eternal lights. The dew-falleth upon the fevered pulse of existence, while the human soul unfolds its pinions, to fly to the realms of the Spirit land. Why your mundane sphere is robed in the soft tranquilizing influence of night, I will once more come to you with a spirit of holy purpose.

What is death? As the old oak lifts its proud branches above the primeval forest, clad in the vestments of its spring life—as the joy-gentle vines around its form, climbing spirally upward—as the noblest flower in the floral kingdom, blooms in loveliness, and as all these outwardly seem to die in the autumn, can mind, in the changing forms of progression and the principles perfectly established in these various constructions of natural objects, explain what is death? As the stars of heaven—as the remotest planets, appear in all their grand and unfolded perfection, at the silent hour of night, and flee from your sight at the approach of morn, can mind, in these divine principles of creation, explain what is death? As the grains of sand, by important changes,

become solid rocks—as the vital forces of light and heat—as the important operations of chemical actions and physiological objects—as the anatomical motions and properties of atmospheric conditions—as all their principles and forces change from established laws of cause and effect, can mind define what is death? As infant physical constitutions by various modes of change, become old and decrepit—as the dark locks become whitened by age—and, most of all, as at certain conditions, the main spring of life ceases to work, and all the functions of the body are stopped, can mind explain what is death. As the spirit is in the form on earth to-day, and, from change, is in heaven to-morrow, can mind define death as death? No, no—for there is no death. 'Tis but an idle word, which occupies the position, and is the definition, of change. If, at certain changes, and by certain laws of natural motions and principles, the leaves of the stately tree or single flower drop and seem to die, 'tis but the changing forms of refinement, by which, through invisible laws, those objects become more fully spiritually developed. If to-day the furious storm rage upon the ever-lashing waters of the ocean, and to-morrow its surface is as peaceful as a dreamless slumber, this is but the effect of change. If, to-day, life is blooming upon the fair brow, and to-morrow the cheek becomes blanched with paleness, this is but a change in the outward form. If, to-day, you are happy and free, and to-morrow grope in darkness, 'tis but change, and change alone, that makes your condition in life joyous or sorrowing. If, to-day, you love the form and soul of a friend, and, by to-morrow's sun, that same spirit and form seem to you dead, 'tis but a birth of the soul to its eternal individuality, worked by the everlasting laws of change. Though the outward constitution seems dead, yet it is not so; every property of matter—every constitutional action or motion—every element adapted to the laws of physical or natural being, are absorbed by, and mingle with, the primary elements of its finite life. There is no death? There can be no death—no annihilation; for God controls spiritual and material things.

No element of God or nature dies; but they do change from one condition to another, by the unvarying laws of existence. This grand law of change, is recognized in physical as well as spiritual aspects. But what is the effect of this important law of change? Change is progression; and does man, in progressing, lose any of his capacities and powers of mind or physical forces? If there was no progress there would be no development. In the unalterable and unvarying laws of God, this mighty inherent principle of life in the individual power of mind, which causes man to act independently and separately.

You may gaze upon the lofty tree, when it stands arrayed in its natural pride and glory, and as you see the visible construction developed by those hidden principles acting in the inner or invisible elements of constant and eternal life, which at times seem void of all the vital motions and specific properties of natural or spiritual vitality, you behold external effects of interior causes. The leaves of the tree may fall, but this visible manifestation is the development of the internal form of the spiritual, made pure by material and natural changes.—Death! there is no death. Change alone and change eternal, is the sublime law of all progress. The law of change, in its vital operations upon physical or material forms, produces many and various developments in those forms, but the law itself never changes. Change is diffused through the realms of creation as sensation permeates the human form. Nothing dies. That which becomes inanimate, is not dead but is passing through the positive changes of life, and is operated upon by outward agents, that the elements, principles and properties of matter originally without individual form, may return to their proper positions in nature.

Mind cannot see this grand movement of change condensed into one material or individual form; for that which is universal and eternal, can never be condensed into any object or form of creation. Change is the flower of the human form, and is the grand reservoir of motion and intelligence. There is no death. The outward form may change to develop the spiritual, but never, never dies. When you see the form of one you love, whose cheek is blanched with paleness, who is suffering in the chamber of racking pain, and the taper of life burns dimly, remember that the countenance is the expression of the mind within.—Every thought is expressed in the features.—Remember the soul is the sensorium of spiritual expression and intelligence, and that if the outward form drops off, it is unwise to weep to see the spirit unuttered and free to roam from the boundless extremities of the spirit world in the regions of infinity. Time and truth are twin angels. From eternity have they been together, and onward through eternity will they go, side by side. Charity is kind and cometh often. And though human nature may scoff and bitterly ridicule the intelligence coming from the spirit land, still the spirits come. Scorn if you will, but they will be there. The moving of ponderable objects and the gentle rap may be undignified, yet they come. Opposition may come in wild torrents, still they come to cheer the drooping spirit, and give a soothing message to make glad the saddened heart. When the eyes of the dying beam with a soft celestial light, it tells the joy of the departing spirit. The world may say that spiritual intercourse is of no use, but they have established a magnetic focus between that far off world and your objective universe. It establishes a free intercourse between heaven and earth, and imparts to your understanding the duality or twofold constitution of man. It teaches you of the natural

power and velocity with which these forms are moved in equal vital operations. It teaches you of the sensible and supersensible state of man as well as his human and angel nature. It is a fact which takes the affections into its strong embrace, and impart to the reasoning attributes a new proclivity to probe the deepest depths of truth, and that truth must be fostered by religious reverence. Spiritualism plays upon the material sense, bids the living principles go within, locks the sentiments in the depths of sleep, touches the spirit of intelligence in the soul, and nature is revealed and reflected from a new world of light and truth. Spiritualism does not rely upon a solitary claim of consideration. Its roots are reaching down into, and extending throughout, the world of humanity. It holds the tendrils of a million hearts in its power, and the noblest thoughts are forced to reverence science, because its truths are great and positive. It invests the temple of nature with new significations, brings together the remote worlds of creation, and creates a friendship in your hearts for their inhabitants. The black clouds that have, for ages, concealed from our vision the sweet joys of the future, are removed from the far off firmament, which now smiles on us like a new born babe. The minds of humanity have expansive and contractive forces and powers, which receive and impart. The whole mental economy is guarded by divine faculties which refine and expand the subordinate sensibilities of the soul, and convey them into conditions that pertain to a holier existence. Specific faculties operate upon the mentality as the conservators of the interior welfare of all individuals. Spiritualism gives you the key to some of the most recondite recesses of nature, and the Spirit-world opens before the material vision. Spiritualism teaches you that the spirit is not a mere undefined nonentity, sleeping in the tomb of death, awaiting to hear the thunder-tones of that fearful trumpet to summon it on high, to await the special judgement of God, for obedience and disobedience, to his laws. It brings the soul forward in its true character, as a high destined and a symmetrically substantial individual. It brings forward vast fields of thought with the profoundest disclosures of man's spiritual life, and with new and divine developments of the long hidden realms of a wondrous and beautiful world beyond the tomb. Spiritualism opens the spirit-world to the vision of man, and spirits bear your joys and sorrows to the fountain of immortal sympathy; and whenever the mourner sitteth in sorrow, weeping for those gone before, and praying in voiceless anguish for the loved to return, they are there on heaven directed missions, not dead, but only changed from the outer to the interior world of progression.

Truly yours,

A. F.

Correspondence of the Age of Progress.

ROCHESTER, JUNE, 23d, 1855.

By the urgent solicitation of the spiritualists of Philadelphia, I was induced to stay another week, making three Sundays in all. During this week, I was privileged with opportunities of attending circle meetings, several of which, to me, were quite interesting. These circles were held at the residences of Mrs. RANDALL, M. D., Mr. BARBER, Dr. COMSTOCK, Mr. SARTAN, the engraver, and Mr. PERCIVAL. At Dr. COMSTOCK'S I was very happy to meet Mr. PARDEE, a speaking medium, Mrs. GURLEY, the principal medium through whom Prof. HARRIS has received his scientific and demonstrable tests of the truth of spirit intercourse. I was shown the very ingeniously contrived machine which the Prof. has invented to detect imposture on the part of mediums, in case such a thing should be attempted. The results of his investigations, together with a draft of the various philosophical experiments he has tried, will, in due time, be given to the public, so that I need not attempt any description of the same in this place.

When the Prof. has accomplished any thing of great importance, he generally gives the results of his experiments in a public lecture, several of which have called together the largest audiences ever convened in Philadelphia to investigate the claims of spiritualism. But notwithstanding all the precautions of Prof. HARRIS to get at the truth only, I cannot assent to his notion that heaven, or the home of the spirits, is just sixty miles and no more, above the earth. These ideas may serve the purposes of a mathematician, who is dealing altogether in solids and material superficies, but they do not accord with the verities of my experience, nor with the views of the medium through whom such notion was professedly obtained.

On the third Sunday, my lectures were equally divided among the three Harmonical Associations which I had addressed on previous occasions. Each was well attended, although the evening was dark and rainy.

Philadelphia has many things to commend it to visitors. The regularity of its streets, the neatness of its public halls, libraries, &c., and in fact, its public grounds and all places of general resort, at once attract the notice of strangers. And what adds much to the health and comfort of its inhabitants, is the abundant supply of good pure water. The whole city is liberally provided with water from the Schuylkill. As before remarked, Philadelphia is located between the Delaware and Schuylkill, about five miles above the confluence of those rivers, so that the distance between them where the city now stands is about three miles. To afford water to its half million of consumers, a dam has been thrown across the Schuylkill on the west side of the city, by means of which water is forced up a natural promontory of 100 feet by the aid of machinery, thus affording a constant supply of wholesome water at a trifling expense; for this supply is taken in

pipes to every dwelling in the city. It is really a romantic and pleasing position for one to stand on Fairmount, and overlook the country and city at your feet.

I visited also the spot where Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. Nothing now marks the place where once stood the old elm tree but a block of marble with this inscription: On the north side it reads:

Philadelphia
Founded
1681.

"By deeds of Peace."

On the east side:

William Penn
Born 1644
Died 1718.

On the west side are these words:

Treaty Ground
of
William Penn
and the
Indian Natives
1682

"Unbroken Faith."

On the South side is inscribed

Placed by the
Penn Society,
A. D. 1827,
to mark the
site of the
Great Elm tree.

I give the orthography as I found it on the stone.

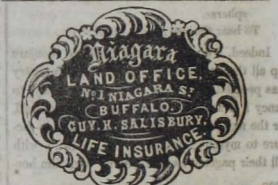
The people of Philadelphia walk and eat rather slower, than the New Yorkers; but I judge accomplish as much in 24 hours, if not more. There is a decided inclination among spiritualists to reject meat, and particularly pork.

I ought not to conclude without expressing my unaffected gratitude to all my friends; in that city, whose hospitality I shared, and whose favors I received; and especially to my host, Messrs. HENCK, whose home was as free as the air and water of the city. And I would also say that Miss E. C. HENCK has published a very pretty volume of spiritual songs which are used by all the association in Philadelphia, and in many other places. A third edition is now published, I believe. These hymns were given in a trance state, and commend themselves to public favor. Miss HENCK is not controlled as a clairvoyant—a circumstance she seems to regret as much as her many friends.

My friend HENRY F. BOWEN generously gave me a pass over the railroad to Elmira, and leaving the city of Brotherly Love at 6 o'clock in the morning, I reached Rochester at 9 o'clock in the evening of the same day.

Thus ends all I feel disposed to say at present, of affairs in that city, although I visited many places of deep interest to me, and saw and heard many things in regard to the cause of spiritualism which were instructive, yet as they were mostly of a personal nature, I leave them for the present, trusting that I may, some day see again the glad faces which contributed so much to make my visit pleasant and agreeable, that I can remember them with a brother's esteem and affection.

C. HAMMOND.



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From Wolcott's Room.
The Bermudas.
A SHAKESPEARIAN ESSAY.

"Who did not think, till within those four years, but that these islands had been a habitation for devils, than fit for man to dwell in? Who did not hate the name, when he was on land, and shun the place when he was on the seas? But behold the misperception and conceits of the world! For true and large experience hath now told us, it is one of the sweetest paradises that be upon earth."

"A PLANE DESCRIBED OF THE BERMUDAS" 1613.

In the course of a voyage home from England, our ship had been struggling, for two or three weeks, with perverse headwinds, and a stormy sea. It was in the month of May, yet the weather had at times a wintry sharpness, and it was apprehended that we were in the neighborhood of floating islands of ice, which at that season of the year drift out of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, and sometimes occasion the wreck of noble ships.

Wearied out by the continued opposition of the elements, our captain bore away to the south, in hopes of catching the expiring breath of the trade-winds, and making what is called the southern passage. A few days wrought, as it were, a magical "sea change" in every thing around us. We seemed to emerge into a different world. The late dark and angry sea, lashed up into roaring and swashing surges, became calm and sunny; the rude winds died away; and gradually a light breeze sprang up directly aft, filling out every sail, and wafting us smoothly along on even keel. The air softened into a bland and delightful temperature. Dolphins began to play about us; the nautilus came floating by, like a fairy ship, with its mimic sail and rainbow tints; and flying fish, from time to time, made their short excursive flights, and occasionally fell upon the deck. The cloaks and overcoats in which we had hitherto wrapped ourselves, and moped about the vessel, were thrown aside; for a summer warmth had succeeded to the late wintry chills. Sails were stretched as awnings over the quarter-deck, to protect us from the mid-day sun. Under these we lounged away the day, in luxurious indolence, musing with half-shut eyes, upon the quiet ocean. The night was scarcely less beautiful than the day. The rising moon sent a quivering column of silver along the undulating surface of the deep, and, gradually climbing the heaven, lit up our towering topsails and swelling mainsails, and spread a pale, mysterious light around. As our ship made her whispering way through this dreamy world of waters, every boisterous sound on board was charmed to silence; and the low whistle, or drowsy song, of a sailor from the fore-cabin, or the tinkling of a guitar, and the soft warbling of a female voice from the quarter-deck, seemed to derive a witching melody from the scene and hour. I was reminded of Oberon's exquisite description of music and moonlight on the ocean:

"Thou rememberest—
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Indeed, I was in the very mood to conjure up all the imaginary beings with which poetry has peopled old ocean, and almost ready to fancy I heard the distant song of the mermaid, or the mellow shell of the triton, and to picture to myself Neptune and Amphitrite with all their pageant sweeping along the dim horizon.

A day or two of such fanciful voyaging, brought us in sight of the Bermudas, which first looked like mere summer clouds, peering above the quiet ocean. All day we glided along in sight of them, with just wind enough to fill our sails; and never did land appear more lovely. They were clad in emerald verdure, beneath the serenest of skies; not an angry wave broke upon their quiet shores, and small fishing craft, riding on the crystal waves, seemed as if hung in air. It was such a scene as Fletcher pictured to himself, when he extolled the halcyon lot of the fisherman:

Ah! would thou knowest how much it better
Were
To bide among the simple fisher-swains:
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth
here,
Nor is our simple pleasure mixed with pains.
Our sports begin with the beginning year;
In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land;
In roughs, to sing and dance along the yellow
sand.

In contemplating these beautiful islands, and the peaceful sea around them, I could hardly realize that these were the "still vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare, once the dread of mariners, and infamous in the narratives of the early discoverers, for the dangers and disasters which beset them. Such, however, was the case; and the islands derived additional interest in my eyes, from fancying that I could trace in their early history, and in the superstitious notions connected with them, some of the elements of Shakespeare's wild and beautiful drama of the Tempest. I shall take the liberty of citing a few historical facts, in support of this idea, which may claim some additional attention from the American reader, as being connected with the first settlement of Virginia.

At the time when Shakespeare was in the fullness of his talent, and seizing upon everything that could furnish aliment to his imagination, the colonization of Virginia was a favorite object of enterprise among people of condition in England, and several of the courtiers of the court of Queen Elizabeth were personally engaged in it. In the year 1609, a noble armament of nine ships and five hundred men sailed for the relief of the colony. It was

commanded by Sir George Somers, as admiral, a gallant and generous gentleman, above sixty years of age, and possessed of an ample fortune, yet still bent upon hardy enterprise, and ambitious of signaling himself in the service of his country.

On board of his flag-ship, the Sea-Vulture, sailed also Sir Thomas Gates, lieutenant-general of the colony. The voyage was long and boisterous. On the twenty-fifth of July, the admiral's ship was separated from the rest in a hurricane. For several days she was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and so strained and racked, that her seams yawned open, and her hold was half filled with water. The storm subsided, but left her a mere foundering wreck. The crew stood in the hold to their waists in water, vainly endeavoring to bail her with kettles, buckets, and other vessels. The leaks rapidly gained on them, while their strength was as rapidly declining. They lost all hope of keeping the ship afloat, until they should reach the American coast, and, with wearied and fruitless toil, determined, in their despair, to give up all further attempt, shut down the hatches, and abandon themselves to Providence. Some, who had spirituous liquors, or "comfortable waters," as the old record quaintly terms them, brought them forth, and shared them with their comrades, and all drank a sad farewell to one another, as men who had soon to part company in this world.

In this moment of extremity, the worthy admiral, who kept sleepless watch from the high stern of the vessel, gave the thrilling cry of "land!" All rushed on deck, in a frenzy of joy, and nothing now was to be seen or heard on board, but the transports of men who felt as if rescued from the grave. It is true the land in sight would not, in ordinary circumstances, have inspired much self-gratulation. It could be nothing else but the group of islands called after their discoverer, one Juan Bermudas, a Spaniard, but stigmatized among the mariners of those days as "the islands of devils." "For the islands of the Bermudas," says the old narrative of this voyage, "as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any christian or heathen people, but were ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather, which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself!"

Sir George Somers and his tempest-tossed comrades, however, hailed them with rapture, as if they had been a terrestrial paradise. Every sail was spread, and every exertion made to urge the foundering ship to land. Before long, she struck upon a rock. Fortunately the late stormy winds had subsided, and there was no surf. A swelling wave lifted her from off the rock, and bore her to another; and thus she was borne on from rock to rock, until she remained wedged between two, as firmly as if set upon the stocks. The boats were immediately lowered, and, though the shore was above a mile distant, the whole crew were landed in safety.

Every one had now his task assigned him.—Some made all haste to unload the ship, before she should go to pieces; some constructed wigwags of palmetto leaves, and others ranged the island in quest of wood and water. To their surprise and joy, they found it far different from the desolate and frightful place they had been taught by seamen's stories to expect. It was well wooded and fertile; there were birds of various kinds, and herds of swine roaming about, the progeny of a number that had swum ashore, in former years, from a Spanish wreck. The island abounded with turtle, and great quantities of their eggs were to be found among the rocks. The bays and inlets were full of fish; so tame, that if any one stepped into the water, they would throng around him. Sir George Somers, in a little while, caught enough with hook and line to furnish a meal to his whole ship's company. Some of them were so large, that two were as much as a man could carry. Craw-fish, also, were taken in abundance. The air was soft and salubrious, and the sky beautifully serene. Waller in his "Summer Islands," has given us a faithful picture of the climate:

"For the kind spring, (which but salutes us here)
Inhabits these, and courts them all the year;
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees
live,
At once they promise, and at once they give;
So sweet the air, so moderate the climate,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth un-cursed,
To show how all things were created first."

We may imagine the feelings of the shipwrecked mariners, on finding themselves cast by stormy seas upon so happy a coast; where abundance was to be had without labor; where what in other climes constituted the costly luxuries of the rich, were within every man's reach; and were life promised to be a mere holiday. Many of the common sailors, especially, declared they desired no better lot than to pass the rest of their lives on this favored island.

The commanders, however, were not so ready to console themselves with mere physical comforts, for the severance from the enjoyments of cultivated life, and all the objects of honorable ambition. Despairing of the arrival of any "chance" ship on these shunned and dreaded islands, they fitted out the long-boat, making a deck of the ship's hatches, and having manned her with eight picked men, despatched her, under the command of an able and hardy mariner, named Raven, to proceed to Virginia, and procure shipping to be sent to their relief.

"A plane description of the Bermudas."

While waiting in anxious idleness for the arrival of the looked-for aid, discussions arose between Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, originating, very probably, in jealousy of the lead which the nautical experience and professional station of the admiral gave him in the present emergency. Each commander of course had his adherents: these discussions ripened into a complete schism; and this handful of shipwrecked men, thus thrown together on an uninhabited island, separated into two parties, and lived asunder in bitter feud, as men rendered fickle by prosperity, instead of being brought into brotherhood by a common calamity.

Weeks and months elapsed, without bringing the looked-for aid from Virginia, though that colony was within but a few days' sail.—Fears were now entertained that the long-boat had been either swallowed up in the sea, or wrecked on some savage coast; one or other of which most probably was the case, as nothing was ever heard of Raven and his comrades.

Each party now set to work to build a vessel for itself out of the cedar with which the island abounded. The wreck of the Sea-Vulture furnished rigging, and various other articles; but they had no iron for bolts, and other fastenings; and for want of pitch and tar, they payed the seams of their vessel with lime and turtle's oil, which soon dried, and became as hard as stone.

On the tenth of May, 1610, they set sail, having been about nine months on the island. They reached Virginia without further accident, but found the colony in great distress for provisions. The account that they gave of the abundance that reigned in the Bermudas, and especially of the herds of swine that roamed the island, determined Lord Delaware, the governor of Virginia, to send thither for supplies. Sir George Somers, with his wonted promptness and generosity, offered to undertake what was still considered a dangerous voyage. Accordingly on the nineteenth of June, he set sail, in his own cedar vessel of thirty tons, accompanied by another small vessel, commanded by Captain Argall.

The gallant Somers was doomed again to be tempest-tossed. His companion vessel was soon driven back to port, but he kept the sea; and, as usual, remained at his post on deck, in all weathers. His voyage was long and boisterous, and the fatigues and exposures he underwent, were too much for a frame impaired by age, by previous hardships. He arrived at Bermuda completely exhausted and broken down.

His nephew, Captain Matthew Somers, attended him in his illness with affectionate assiduity. Finding his end approaching, the veteran called his men together, and exhorted them to be true to the interests of Virginia; to procure provisions with all possible despatch, and hasten back to the relief of the colony.

With this charge, he gave up the ghost, leaving his nephew and crew overwhelmed with grief and consternation. Their first thought was to pay honor to his remains. Opening the body, they took out the heart, and entrails, and buried them, erecting a cross over the grave. They then embalmed the body and set sail with it for England; thus, while paying empty honors to their deceased commander, neglecting his earnest wish and dying injunction, that they should return with relief to Virginia.

The little bark arrived safely at White-church Dorsetshire, with its melancholy freight. The body of the worthy Somers was interred with the military honors due to a brave soldier, and many voices fired over his grave. The Bermudas have since received the name of Somer Islands, as a tribute to his memory.

The accounts given by Captain Matthew Somers and his crew of the delightful climate, and the great beauty, fertility, and abundance of these islands, excited the zeal of enthusiasts, and the cupidity of speculators, and a plan was set on foot to colonize them.—The Virginia company sold their right to the islands to one hundred and twenty of their own members, who erected themselves into a distinct corporation, under the name of the "Somer Island Society;" and Mr. Richard More was sent out, in 1612, as governor, with sixty men, to found a colony; and this lends to the second branch of this research.

IMMORTALITY.—It cannot be said that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and pass off to leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us by their unapproachable glory. And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken away from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow into Alpine torrents? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where rainbows never fade, where the stars will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before our vision like shadows will stay in our possession forever.

Seneca, the Roman Philosopher, says: "The mind of man is like those fields, the fertility of which depends on their being allowed certain periods of rest at the proper season."

Words.

Words in themselves are nothing more than "mouthfuls of spoken wind," the sons and daughters of the tongue and lungs. They are hardened into consistency by a process of pens, ink and paper. In this trite they take form. But naturally they are immaterial substances like thoughts. The sculptor embodies an idea in marble, and we discriminate between the essence and form. Why should we not also distinguish between a word printed or written and a word spoken or conceived—between the body and the soul of an expression of air. Words in truth are entities, real existences, immortal beings, and, though I would not go the whole length of Hazlett in saying that they are the only things that live forever, I would vindicate their title to a claim in the eternities of this world, and defend them from the evils of presumption and ignorance.

Shakespeare, speaking through Lorenzo, regrets with much feeling the thickness of the ear, which prevents us from drinking the music of the spheres. But how much more in a moral and intellectual point of view, should we lament that hard condition of our faculty of hearing, by which we are prevented from enjoying all the sweet noises of the past, and compelled to hear only the harsh gutturals of the present. Every disturbance of the atmosphere, caused by the ejection of a word, does not cease with our perception of it, but is everlastingly active. All around us are the words of Noah, Moses, Plato, and Socrates, and Shakespeare, and Milton; and if our ears were only delicate enough to convey the sounds into our minds, we might hear with our outward organ Plato converse on the soul's immortality, Socrates grapple a sophist with his interrogative logic, Shakespeare sing Ben. Johnson or Master Dekker with a joke worthy of Theristes, and Milton ask Quaker Ellwood to read Homer to him, or rebuke his daughters for unkindness and inattention. The air is a more faithful chronicler of words than books. Every whisper of wickedness, which has fallen from the white lips of a tyrant or murderer, and which has never passed into but one human heart, is still alive in the air, and circling the earth in company with the song of Miriam, and the invective of Luther, and the low prayer of Biddy and the scoff of D' Halbach; and the profaneness of Rochester, and the denunciation of Burke. Truly are we surrounded with voices. The sacredness and awful responsibilities of speech—the latent importance of idle words—consist in their ever present existence. No sound that goes from the lip into the air, can ever die even in a sensual sense, until the atmosphere, which wraps our planet in its huge embrace, has passed into nothingness. Words, then have a being of their own; they exist after death, or, rather, they continue to exist after all memory of them has departed from the minds into which they originally entered.—E. P. Whipple.

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